

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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EDITED BY

T. J. Sawyer, A. C. Thomas and P. Price.

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THE INTEMPERATE.

"Come along," said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

"Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you behind in the woods."

Then, as if vexed because his ill humor would irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

"Put down that boy. Have not I told you, twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can."

"He is sick," said his mother; "feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms."

"I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad-hearted mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed it with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness.—Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labors of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor in sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserable poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessities which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding evil, as she had never before experienced.—She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them, were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavored to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and an alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for his own support. Jane wept as she looked on the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

"What shall I do with the brute," exclaimed his master; "he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find one to buy his skin."

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered and perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter rout. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in

her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on; for the strength that nerves a mother's arm, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, "Let me not see the death of the child." But this Christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard, issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next door neighbor."

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbor took the sick boy in his arms, saying—

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife: we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in every thing."

"You have come to a new settled country, friends," said John Williams; "but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you; though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood I shall like to talk with you about old times and friends down east. Why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a

rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hard-working, contented people. This is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old States, but it is about as good as any in the neighborhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows and doors loosely hung upon leathern hinges.—The exhausted woman entered and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In the corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested put to shame the ceremonious and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fireplace; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the table. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one the neighbors departed that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good by, lingered a moment as he closed the door, and said—

"Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better."

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

"Husband," she exclaimed, in the fulness of her heart, "we may yet be happy."

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep, was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace.—The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he had forfeited in the old, labored diligently to assist his neighbors in gathering in their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his

mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavored to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in heaven, and of His will respecting little children. She pointed out His goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east, in the gently-falling rain, the frail plants and the dews that nourish it. He loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because they came from God.—She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household party partook, for a time, the blessings of tranquility and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber, but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of a habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined, at all hazards, to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her sensibilities, both of pleasure and of pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections. Still, this hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above. The tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as a balm to her wounded soul,—“as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God.”

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or

gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted, that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness! She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's persecution which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

"I mean to harden him, said he. All the neighbors know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother."

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother, attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man and his fear for God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old dear home."

"It is too early for violets my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

"In my dreams last night I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think my father will come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain he evinced at the sound of his father's well known footstep, she answered—

"I think not love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek on his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-by to him, before I go my Savior."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work

of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken.

My son—my dear son—say, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

"Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

"Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you."

A tremulous tone, as from a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as "seeing Him who is invisible!" Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of Heaven.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over the dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She composed the shining looks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow. "See, he suffers no longer." He drew near and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attend them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and seated on the fresh springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say, "this has been my comfort in my affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man, withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." He selected from the words of that Compassionate One, who "gathereth the lambs with his arms, and carrieth them in his bosom;" who, pointing out an example of the humility of little children, said, "Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," and who calleth all the weary laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by

that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from this funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance and reflection was misery. For many nights sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man who had read the bible at the burial of his boy, exhorted him to yield to the warning voice from above, and to "break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord."

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had soaced herself and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the Holy Spirit, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, and while she wept, she questioned her heart, what had been its gain from a father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—the loss of its affections.

She was alone at this season of self-communion. The absence of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and weary travellers, had been raging for nearly two days. To this cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening to his steps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebullition of his frenzied anger ran in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind of the forest. All night long she listened to those sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed, she arose and resumed her morning labors.

Suddenly her eyes were attracted by a group of neighbors, coming up slowly from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and fearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"Oh, you come to bring me evil tidings; I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was, indeed, to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in

attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters.—Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the privations of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labor and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her first-born in the grave with resignation, for faith had heard her Saviour saying, "Suffer the little child to come unto me." She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a "persecutor and injurious," a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an "anchor of the soul"—the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties, with that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." But now, he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged by sacrifice or offering for ever." She knew that not a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the High Judge's bar. There were bitter dregs in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. One is smitten down whom every eye knew, every voice saluted. To bear along the corpse of the strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill deep and startling in the breast of those who wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day. To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children should return and grow up within the shadow of a school house and the church of God, is a grief in which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow, motionless abode, both young and old, the infant, and him of hoary hairs, without the solemn knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God, giving back, in the name of his fellow christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of Him who is the "resurrection and the life," adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to the dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature, was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled, and laid by the side of his son to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed, when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence, a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a period to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness, through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manner in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished

their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deep-rooted sorrow—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

Hartford, Conn.

L. H. S.

THE MORALIST.—No. 3. Reverses of Fortune.

Many useful lessons might be derived from a close observance of the multitude of reverses to which we are liable in the course of our journey through life. The instability of human affairs is a most interesting study, and a valuable subject for contemplation; and the influence of correct judgment will open a way by which we may rise superior to any adverse circumstance, while an observance of the varied lot of the human family, and a close adherence to those maxims of religion and morality laid down for our guidance by the apostles of divinity and philosophy, are perhaps the readiest means by which we can place ourselves beyond the malignity of fortune.

Let us for a moment turn over the pages of the past, and view the uncertainty that has characterized the lives of individuals who were placed, in the course of events, at the climax of power and of grandeur. Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, famed as the rival of Scipio Africanus, after having gained many important victories over the Romans, elevating himself to the greatest height of military glory, finally suffered the most severe reverses, and being plunged into the greatest depths of human misfortune, died by poison, asserted by some, to have been administered by his own hand. Sicius Dentatus, a Roman general, who gained many important victories and fought one hundred and twenty battles for his country, after having been raised to considerable power and receiving fourteen civic crowns for his services, was basely assassinated, thus furnishing a melancholy instance of the ingratitude of mankind, and the mutability of earthly power. And Cæsar, the proud, ambitious Cæsar, who had, through his astonishing prowess, elevated himself to a dazzling pinnacle of glory, met with a similar fate. Oliver Cromwell, a man remarkable for the strength of his mind and the depth of his discernment, through various causes, the most prominent of which were bigotry, fanaticism, and superstition, was elevated to the protectorship of England, and after having ruled in that capacity for some time, was finally reft of his usurped power and died neglected. Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican, by his extraordinary genius and consummate military skill, arrived, from a comparatively obscure situation in life, at an extent of power which has never been equalled in the history of modern times. Clothed in the imperial purple by the almost unanimous voice of the French people, he elevated France to a seat above the nations of the earth; swelled the annals of her fame, and rendered her a fearful adversary for the world. After careering through life for years, marked by the most signal success, he was at last overtaken by misfortune, and fell from the lofty height to which his ambition and his genius had raised him, to die an exile from the country of his adoption, and the prisoner of his most hated rival.

The instances of the reverses of fortune related in the foregoing, although but few, are sufficient to show how uncertain is the extent of any greatness to which we may arrive, and

how soon we may be hurled from the top-cliffs of fame and glory, down to the immeasurable depths of misfortune. These untoward circumstances may not always be guarded against, perhaps they can but seldom be averted; but their various miseries may be blunted, the consequent affliction attendant on such reverse may be alleviated, by a firm and undeviating reliance upon the providence of the Deity, a trust in His omnipotent power, and a compliance with the dictates of virtue and an adherence to those principles of morality which should inhabit the breasts of all.

Man in the height of power, the possessor of every luxury to aid in gratifying his desires, and with the capacity to rule thousands of his fellow beings, but seldom pauses in his career to think how uncertain is the duration of the power, the glory, the pomp he is possessed of. Alas! no—his mind is occupied with vain dreams of ambition, and in calculating what stretch of power it will require to enable him to grasp the world. Seldom, indeed, does he turn aside from his path, illuminated as it is by the splendor and magnificence of wealth, to muse upon the mutability of all his greatness—upon the possibility that in a few short hours, he may be reft of all his honors, and become perhaps the sport of those who, before, with sycophantic servility trembled with fear at his approach and bowed obsequious to his will. He has neglected to furnish his mind with precepts that can console him in a change like this; he has forgot to place a dependence on a Supreme power, and glean lessons of the uncertainty of his earthly state from the events which mark each page of existence.

Let the reflection that we are but frail and finite creatures, and that any power or glory we may possess has nothing of infinity, come often before us—it will prepare us for many changes to which we are liable, and direct our thoughts more frequently to the goodness of our heavenly parent, and cause us to depend more upon his protection, than upon our own feeble resources.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1833.

Original.

PRAYERS.

We make many mistakes in the performance of this service. Our language is inappropriate. We employ too many high sounding phrases; we are much inclined to the opinion that God is pleased with a variety of titles; that he possesses something of the vanity of man. Our words should be few and well chosen. The Savior's direction on this point is worthy of universal adoption. When ye pray, say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven—' Here is more conveyed than could be found in a thousand unmeaning titles.

We do not make the right kind of preparation. We are particular, when we go to the house of God to pray, to adjust our dress, and make the 'outward man' appear well, but forget the 'inward man.' God requires the heart: 'Son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.' 'We draw near with our lips, while our heart is far from him.' The Lord of the universe cannot be pleased with such service. It is but solemn mockery. 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.' We may deceive him, but we cannot deceive the searcher of all hearts.—Let us then throw off all hypocrisy, and appear as we ought, humble and devout suppliants before the throne of Jehovah.

We are too much inclined to the opinion that our prayers are designed to influence our Maker. But this is not the case. God cannot be moved, or turned from his original purpose. We might, with much greater propriety attempt to turn back the Sun as he rides in his golden chariot through the heavens. God's purposes were

fixed before a single being was formed, before the light of day smiled on our world; ere the moon sent forth her pale rays, or a single star glittered in the firmament. All the services we are required to perform are for the promotion of human happiness, and not intended to increase the felicity of our Maker.

Let us then engage devoutly in this delightful service, rejoicing that we are allowed the privilege of holding communion with the Father of spirits. It is one of the greatest blessings God has conferred on mortal creatures.

'What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs, the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek?'

C. S.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

All nature proclaims that God is good. His benevolence is seen in the refulgent beams of the bright and burnished Sun—in the paler rays of night's gentle queen—in the star bestudded canopy of Heaven's azure dome—in the seasons—in the gurgling fount, the rumbling rill, the noisy waterfall, and the salubrious atmosphere. His munificence is displayed in the falling shower, in the golden fruits of autumn—in the adaptation of every animal to his peculiar mode of living—in making suitable provisions for answering the wants of all sentient creatures—in feasting the eye with beauty and loveliness—in giving to earth and heaven all their respective charms—in short, 'we cannot go where universal love smiles not around.' God is good unto all and his tender mercies are over all his works; let the earth rejoice—let the world be glad—let all the nations praise the lord.—*Relig. Inq.*

L. L. S.

ENTERING INTO REST.

'We which have believed,' says the Apostle, 'do enter into rest.' Doubt, gloom, distrust and that fear which 'hath torment,' are not permitted to dwell in the mind, while it is under the full influence of gospel faith. Life and immortality are there brought to light, and the darkness of death illumined by that hope which maketh not ashamed, and which is truly designated as 'an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.'

The traditions of men—the doctrines and wisdom of this world alone, can never impart permanent rest or peace to the mind. The speculations of him who discards the record of God's word, must end where they begun, still in doubt; so far as relates to our condition beyond this life; and rest cannot be obtained in doubts and surmises. He who has embraced the doctrine of eternal torments, and possesses at the same time a benovolent heart, must surely be deprived of his rest, so often as this article of his faith presents itself; and the more he reflects on it, the farther will peace depart from him. Nothing short of the voice of him who is the 'resurrection and the life,' can give rest to the bosom of frail mortality. 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls.' Reader—heed thou the voice of the gracious Redeemer. Receive the truths and consolations of his word, and enter into rest. So shall you be enabled to say with truth—'believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

Make Religion the rule of every principal and action. Never do any thing which is contrary to its principles, nor espouse any cause which it will not justify.

Let us learn to distinguish between the institution of Christ and the delusion of men.

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1832.

"THE INTEMPERATE."

We invite the reader's attention to the story commencing on our first page, under the above head.—It appears in the Religious Souvenir, for 1834, and is from the pen of that accomplished writer, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Ct.

We feel that little apology from us will be necessary for the space it occupies. Long as it is, few will commence its perusal without completing it, and few, we believe, will go through with its perusal, without great gratification and interest therein. Exceptions we should make it is true, to doctrines intimated, or inferences drawn by the fair author in some few instances through the article, but as they are seemingly casual, flowing of necessity from the author's peculiar views on the subject of religion, and as their objectionable features are measurably lost in the many excellencies of the article generally, we pass them with the simple remark, that as believers in the universal and impartial grace of heaven, we dare not limit the kindness and mercy of God our Father to the brief span of human life. We must regard it as encircling all beings, all worlds, all time; and thus thinking, thus believing, we cannot "sorrow as those who have no hope." The voice of inspiration comes down to us with overwhelming energy, "come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

We know not when we have been more deeply interested in any thing ourselves. The wide spread desolation, which it portrays, around the drunkard's hearth, produces an involuntary chill, and the meekness in suffering shadowed forth in the character of the patient and submissive partner of this enemy to himself, and disgrace to his kind, as imperceptibly draws upon the reader's sympathy and compassion. The picture is vivid, yet who can dispute its faithfulness? Who has not seen it, in all its leading features, enacted over and over again in real life? We could wish every "intemperate" husband might read it, and we see not how a drunkard can go through its perusal, in his sober moments, without resolving, at least, on reformation. P.

A LETTER,

To EZRA STILES ELY, STEPHEN H. TYNG, WILLIAM T. BRANTLEY, and ALBERT BARNES, Clergymen of the city of Philadelphia:

Brethren—Of all subjects ever presented for the consideration of man, that which relates to our final destiny is unquestionably the most important. The concerns of time are not worthy to be compared with the affairs of eternity. A few more years, and the present generation will be numbered with those that have gone before us to the world of spirits. And no one who accredits the doctrine of 'life and immortality' can be altogether insensible to the importance of the question, What shall be the future condition of man?

You believe that a part or portion of the human race will be doomed to future endless punishment. You believe that this doctrine is revealed in the Bible, and that the Scriptures not only authorize but command you to proclaim it as the truth of heaven.

On the other hand, we expressly deny that said doctrine is true. We expressly deny that it is taught in the Bible, and hereby declare our solemn conviction, that you cannot prove the endless punishment of any part or portion of mankind. And we further certify you, that we feel ourselves obligated to believe

whatever doctrine can be fairly and clearly established by Scripture testimony.

With these views, and prompted solely by a desire to extend the knowledge and influence of Divine truth, we are induced respectfully to invite your attention to the following proposals:

Will you (or either of you) deliver a series of Lectures in our churches respectively, during the winter, in proof of the doctrine of future endless misery? Not more than two of said Lectures to be delivered each week—that is, one in each of the churches, on any day or evening except Sunday. On our part, we will engage to invite our congregations respectively to attend said Lectures, and to attend ourselves. On your part, we shall expect you to give notice after each Lecture, that it will be reviewed by the Pastor of the Church in which it was delivered, on an evening which shall then be named; and we shall also expect you to invite your congregations respectively to attend.

Should the foregoing proposals not receive your approbation, we respectfully offer the following:

Will you (or either of you) allow us (or either of us) to deliver a series of Lectures in your churches respectively, during this winter, in proof of the doctrine of the final salvation of all men? The spirit of the preceding conditions to be preserved.

If it should be inquired why we have specially directed this letter and these proposals to you, this is our answer: We believe you are better qualified to sustain the doctrine of endless punishment, than are any other clergymen of Philadelphia; and we are desirous that ourselves and our congregations should hear the strongest arguments that can be advanced on that side of the question.

With sentiments of affectionate regard,

We are respectfully yours, &c.

ABEL C. THOMAS,

Pastor of the 1st Universalist Church.

S. W. FULLER,

Pastor of the 2d Universalist Church.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1832.

P. S. Any reply to the foregoing with which you may be pleased to favor us, may be directed to A. C. Thomas, 132 Chesnut-st.

PARTIALISM AND INFIDELITY.

In glancing our eye over the columns of a late number of the New School paper of this city, we noticed an article under the head, 'Letters from the west,' followed by the imposing inquiry, 'Is this a Christian, or an Infidel nation?' After laying down the position, that if ever 'place and time' united for 'the formation of the very best or very worst moral character' the west and this age was that place and time, with a few connected reflections, the writer makes the following unqualified assertions:

"What countless multitudes in Catholic Europe are now, (or seem just forming into) the most hopeless atheists. Whoever conversed with a young Shaker, without finding him an atheist? How long will it take the Mormons to reach the dark vault of atheism? Judging from what we have seen, we might answer, 'scarcely one generation.' How long does it take a preacher of universalism to become an atheist, and then to proselyte half his congregation? How long does it take a family or community of Universalists or Unitarians, to pass on to utter infidelity? It has been observed that children, raised with little or with no Bible instruction, may be entire unbelievers at once. If not, they are completely fitted for being carried away with the first cunning discourse they hear delivered by a crafty Shaking Quaker, Catholic, Universalist, Mormonite, Unitarian, Deist, or Atheist. I have scarcely ever traced the history of him who believes nothing but lies, or of the champion of a spurious

Christianity, that I did not find him at last in a family not trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, or where the training was nominal only—a mere sham. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked: but he bleaseth the habitation of the just." A portion of the rising generation of our country are taught verbally some things from the Bible, but the conduct of their parents contradicts and destroys the teaching. Another portion are not taught at all. Another portion, (since revivals have exasperated the enemies of the Gospel) are trained in the nurture of Satan, and the ways of hell, and that with a diligence unknown anterior to A.D. 1820."

Now we have nothing to do with Shakers, or Catholics, or Mormonites, or Deists, or Atheists, farther than as christians to treat them kindly, and endeavor by our conduct towards them, to convince them that ours is the 'better way;' but we may return the opening query, with a trifling alteration, home upon partialists with a fearful earnestness—"what countless multitudes," in this Protestant land, have already been, or 'are now just forming into the most hopeless atheists,' from the extravagancies in limitarian teaching, and the unnatural and forbidding character in which it clothes the God of heaven!

We see not, with what possible propriety Mormonites can be associated with Universalists. If we do not greatly mistake they are most fully of the limitarian school, and preach the doctrine of an endless hell with a three fold horror; and they surely do not much out-strip some of our revivalists in their measures of fanaticism and extravagance.

The assertion that Universalism is the high way to Atheism has been so long harped upon, without the least shadow of support from facts, that an honest opposer should be ashamed to name it. We object to the popular view, on this subject, in toto.—The classification is erroneous to begin with, and the deductions altogether irrelevant, in fact. Universalism is at the farthest possible remove from Atheism, and if either is the stepping stone to Atheism, it is Partialism, for it stands between that and Universalism. What constitutes an Atheist, but the denial of a supreme, all-wise, and all-pervading intelligence which rules and governs all things? What constitutes the Universalist, but the reverse of this? A belief in the very being rejected by the Atheist, and that this being rules and governs all things for good—that he is eternally and unchangably, as the scriptures represent him to be, 'the Father of the spirits of all flesh.' The Universalist holds to those perfect views of the Deity which no other denomination of Christians can justly lay claim to. The Partialist, it is true, professes belief in 'the Father of the spirits of all flesh,' but in his teachings will tell you that by far the greatest proportion are 'the children of the Devil,' and that they will remain under his dominion through the wasteless ages of eternity, thus robbing a portion of mankind of a Father in heaven, while the Atheist merely extends the principle and deprives the whole of their heavenly Parent.

After the Partialist has fully settled in his mind that his Deity is the unchanging and eternal enemy of a great proportion of the human race, and the principle of self-righteousness which is ever attendant on these partial views in their early stage, is fully exhausted, he begins to query on his own security against this Almighty vengeance. The subject is brought home to his own bosom with an appalling force. 'All have sinned,' &c. 'There is none that doeth good.' What evidence have I that I am accepted of Him, more than my fellow worm? What if I may have borne the heat and burden of the day? Does that establish my claim to eternal felicity?—Reason begins recoil at the unnatural character of his Deity, he looks about him and finding nothing

abroad in nature to justify belief in such a vindictive being, he very naturally lets go the little remaining christianity he has, (for his religion is wholly grounded on fear of a wrathful God, and not on Gospel principles of love to God and love to man,) and passes out into the open sea of skepticism.

Here may be found the true 'stepping stone to infidelity,' and we presume where *one* may be found passing from the profession of Universalism to skepticism, *one hundred* may be found honestly dating their first dawns of infidelity to Partialist views and Partialist teaching.

There is another view. Infidelity consists in total *disbelief*. Limitarians believe a *part* of mankind will be saved—Universalists believe in the salvation of *all*. In the name of all that is just and true, which makes the nearest approach to skepticism. Universalists or Partialists?

But we need not pursue the subject. It is useless perhaps to expostulate with some of our opposers on the injustice of their course, but there are others who may not be lost to all sense of right.—Let these reflect well upon this subject. We deem it high time the sin should be laid at the right door.

P.

STILL ANOTHER.

"I soon found that this is a section of country in which the enemy of souls brings forward his most potent engines; for here is one of the strong holds of Universalism. The nursery of youth, as well as the study of the aged, is amply supplied with tracts on universal redemption. As you are informed that we have Universalism to contend with, I need hardly tell you we have also to oppose infidelity—another member of the same amiable family; for like the Siamese twins, they go together."

We extract the foregoing from a letter in the last Christian Advocate and Journal, dated 'Newberry, S. C.' and signed 'M. C. Turrentine.' We are much rejoiced to hear that Br. Allen Fuller and other of our friends have been so successful in supplying that region 'with tracts on universal redemption.' We are verily rejoiced, also, that our cause has already so good a footing there. We had thought it had only just begun to have a name, but we have now the testimony of an opposer that it can boast of its 'strong holds.' And then, too, because the doctrine maintains the *utter destruction of the Devil and all his works*, it is one of the 'most potent engines of the enemy of souls!' Admirable consistency! With what apparent self-complacency does this Mr. 'M. C. Turrentine' make up his report. Suppose we try our hand, and indite a report that may be supposed to come from Br. Fuller or Br. Andrews:

"I soon found that this is a section of country in which the enemy of souls brings forward his most potent engines; for here is one of the strong holds of *Methodism*, with its public advocates, zealously maintaining his ceaseless reign, and almost universal dominion over the sons of men—that he will finally come off signally victorious over almighty power, wisdom and goodness, and lead captive in sin and wretchedness the great majority of the intelligent creation of the Just One. And as you are informed we have *Methodism* to contend with, with its *doubts and uncertainties* and I may even say its latent seeds of skepticism, I need hardly tell you we have also to oppose open infidelity; for like the Siamese twins, Partialism and Infidelity go together!"

Now brethren of the Advocate, you have the portraits side by side; which is the most natural? We are not at all concerned but that ours will come the nearest to the facts in the case, so far as regards the latter part of the story.

We hope Brs. Fuller or Andrews will send up a

'voice from the South,' and let us know how far Universalism and Infidelity are identified in that region.

"Our brethren of the 'Christian Messenger,' on the margin of their last number, ask us 'Where did you get the Story of *Dea. Caleb Comfort*?' We answer, from the friendly author himself, (and not from the 'Messenger,' as they seem to insinuate) who was kind enough to forward it to us in pamphlet form."

We assure our friends of the 'Sentinel and Star,' from which we copy the above paragraph, that we knew nothing of the query there spoken of, until we saw it in their paper. On inquiry we find it was done by the individual who attends to the mailing department. Still we are not exactly prepared to doubt its propriety.

We know not how many Br. Thomas may have forwarded to the Sentinel, and it matters not. We know, however, that a copy was forwarded from this office to the Sentinel, as also to every other office in our order, a week or two before the last No. or Chapter was inserted in the Messenger. It was written for, and inserted as Editorial in the Messenger, and its publication in pamphlet form being a business of our own, of course it proceeded directly from the paper.

The number of the 'Star,' noticing the receipt of the pamphlet, to which they allude, was never received here. If this had been the case, nothing more would probably have been thought of it. The story had been inserted in other papers without credit, and our clerk felt somewhat we suppose as we do at times, a disposition to jog memory on this subject.—And we certainly experience some slight degree of gratification that any one feels so much interest in our little family as to look after snagglers in this way.

We hope this explanation will exonerate us from an extra share of captiousness in the case.

P.

PHILADELPHIA.

On Wednesday evening 27th ult. we enjoyed the high satisfaction of listening to a lecture delivered in the Lombard-st. church, by Br. SEBASTIAN STREETER, of Boston. He came "in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," and his preaching was not fashioned after the wisdom of the world, for it came "in demonstration of the spirit and of power." The view he presented of the text, Titus ii, 11, 12, was such as to interest the imagination while it refreshed the memory, improved the understanding and warmed the heart. We know that Br. S. would confer a favor that would bring salvation to many, by causing said sermon to appear in print. We trust he will be able so to arrange matters as to revisit Philadelphia the ensuing spring. May his exertions to build up Zion be still crowned with success; and as the morning and mid-day of his years have been devoted to the cause of the Master, may the evening of his days be tranquil, and prosperous, and happy.

On Sunday the 1st inst. Br. HENRY ROBERTS, of Rochester, N. Y. delivered to us the message of eternal life. His testimony was the water of salvation, and the bread of truth. He spake *understandingly* of the good things of the kingdom—and I will add, *experimentally and feelingly*—His visit to our city will long be remembered by us. His social temperament and suavity of manners, have endeared him to our recollections. May the blessing of heaven be with him and upon him wherever he may go.

A. C. T

Br. Andrews' Letter to 'Parson Langhorne, Edenton, N. C.' is received, but too late for this No. The money for N. T. also came safe and is applied as directed.

SKINNER'S LETTERS.

We acknowledge our obligations to the author, Br. D. Skinner, for a copy of a work just from the Press, entitled,

"A Series of Letters, on important Doctrinal and Practical Subjects, addressed to Rev. Samuel C. Aikin, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Utica, N. Y.; to which are annexed, A Bible Creed, and Six Letters to Rev. D. C. Lansing, D.D., late Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in said city, on the subject of a Course of Lectures delivered by him against Universalism, in the Winter of 1830. By Dolphus Skinner, Pastor of the First Universalist Church and Society in Utica."

The following extract from the Preface, which appears in a Review of the work in the last Magazine, will sufficiently explain the origin of the letters to both of the individuals.

"The letters to Rev. Mr. Aikin were commenced in the spring of 1829, finished in the Autumn of 1832, and published along the intermediate time as they were written, in the third volume (first series) of the 'Evangelical Magazine' and the three first volumes (new series) of the 'Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.' They were commenced under a deep sense of the importance of the subjects to be discussed—for none can be of greater moment to man than these—and the necessity and advantages to the cause of truth, of a free and full investigation of the popular doctrines of the day, with the firm conviction that when truth and error grapple with each other, having 'an open field and fair play,' the latter must quail beneath the power of the former, and he who yields to the power of truth, though vanquished, is nevertheless the fortunate man. There appeared also a necessity for some work of the kind, that should take up in order, and systematically discuss, the leading doctrines of the Presbyterian church, and their tendency, and present them in their true light, in contrast with those doctrines and principles held by the denomination to which the writer belongs, in a manner which is not usually done in the fugitive and miscellaneous articles that commonly appear in our weekly, or periodical publications. It has been the writer's aim thoroughly but candidly to pass in review all the peculiar and distinguishing doctrines of Presbyterianism; to refute, both by Scripture and reason, whatever appeared therein untrue, incompatible with the character of the Deity, or of bad moral tendency in society; and to establish, in lieu thereof, a system reflecting the highest possible honor on the character of the former, and exerting the most salutary tendency on the lives and happiness of the latter. How far he has succeeded in this aim, the reader must judge."

"The letters to Dr. Lansing are in a style somewhat different from any and all of those addressed to Mr. Aikin. The difference of character in the two men, will sufficiently account for the difference of manner in which they are respectively addressed. Dr. Lansing removed from Auburn, to this city, in the Fall of 1829, (after the letters to Mr. Aikin were commenced.) Having recently adopted the new school divinity, and the system of revivalism pursued by Mr. Finny; full of the fiery zeal and blind infatuation of a lawless fanaticism, and determined to eclipse the glory of all predecessors and rivals in that kind of warfare in which he had engaged, he commenced, in January, 1830, a course of lectures, or rather inflammatory harangues, against the doctrine of impartial grace, with all the bitterness and acrimony with which John Calvin pursued Servetus to the stake. A part of these lectures I heard delivered myself, and the rest were faithfully reported to me by those who were present. And feeling it a duty to rebut his slanderous charges, and expose and refute his sophistical arguments against the truth,

I addressed him the six letters which are here annexed. They sufficiently explain themselves and the object of the writer; as well as the character of the Doctor, without any further comments upon either, in this place. It is proper to inform the reader, that these letters were none of them ever answered, nor any attempts ever made to answer them, either by Dr. Lansing or any of his friends. The Doctor's popularity, however, instead of being promoted, very rapidly declined, and after lingering along till last Autumn, he finally took his departure for the city of New-York, where he is now endeavoring to organize a band of kindred spirits with his own."

We conjecture the Doctor makes but little progress even in this orthodox soil, for we hear but little of him. Indeed, few *can* follow in the wake of Mr. Finney, with much credit or success.

We have not had time to peruse the volume.—But from an examination of some of the Nos. as they appeared in the columns of the Magazine, we feel satisfied the subject is ably managed. The book is put low and we hope it will have an extensive circulation. It comprises 228 pages, 12 mo. in neat muslin binding, price 50 cents. We are daily expecting a supply on sale. P.

Brs. S. F. Streeter and O. A. Skinner have relinquished their purpose of publishing the "Ladies Christian Advocate." The reason assigned is (and it is honorable to them,) "they knew nothing of the intention of the proprietor, of the "Universalist," to change the character of his paper," at the time of issuing their proposals, and fearing that two cannot be sustained, they promptly yield their own intention.

ⓘ A letter from Br. Andrews desires us to request his friends to address no more letters or papers to him at Augusta, Ga. for the present. He was about leaving there on a tour, at the date of his letter to us.

Original.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

The Christian reader need hardly be told that the prevailing opinion respecting the coming of Jesus Christ, is this: He is to appear in person, clothed with power and majesty, to judge the world at the end of time, when this habitable globe is to be burned with fire, and the wicked are to receive their final sentence, "depart ye cursed" for ever from the presence of your God and Creator, for ever from the joys of heaven, for ever from hope and obedience, for ever from the most distant prospect of reconciliation to God, and restoration to holiness and happiness.

However widely we may differ in opinion with the great and learned on this subject, we deem it altogether important that every scribe and divine should have a conscientious regard to "what is truth" on this all-absorbing theme. If this mundane globe is to be hurled from its orbit and consigned to the general conflagration of matter, if "planets are to run lawless through the sky," and the Son of God, our Savior, is to appear taking the sword of vengeance, and riding on the swift wings of destruction, surely this fearful truth is revealed in the Book of Jehovah, and should not be trifled with.

That frequent mention is made of the "coming of Christ," in this sacred record, we freely admit; but that this "coming" refers (as is generally believed) to "the day of general judgment, and the destruction of the earth," we think is incorrect. To understand this subject correctly, we have only to answer the three following questions.

1. What is the coming of Christ?
2. When did he come?
3. What is the scripture import of the phrase "the end of the world?"

1. By the "coming of Christ," we understand a display of the "truth as it is in Jesus,"

the irradiating effulgence of that "light which lighteth every man." It is the power of grace and truth emanating from the Fountain of Mercy, that was so signally developed in the life and doctrines of Jesus. It is that blessed religion of the Son of God, which appearing at first like a dim taper in the midst of surrounding darkness, is to increase in light and glory till the whole universe shall rejoice in its beams.

Christ came, he revealed a Father and a Friend, he brought to light "life and immortality," he died and arose triumphant, conquering death and hell; the truth and purity of his religion broke in sunder the chains of ignorance and superstition, and subsequently, to his resurrection and glorious ascension, it "had free course, run and was glorified." This is the coming of Christ. Paul rejoiced in this appearance, and grounded the weapons of death. Peter, and thousands of others, on the day of Pentecost, "saw him and were glad." Bigoted Jews, and heathen Gentiles, were ushered into the glorious light and liberty of the kingdom of God, after Jesus had ascended on high.

2. When did he come? In Mark ix, we are told, "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." The parallel passages, couched in nearly the same language, are found Matt. xvi, 28, and Luke ix, 27. In Matt. x, 23, our Savior declares, "Verily I say unto you, ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." From this testimony, we conclude the common opinion is wrong; that Christ is yet to come "at the end of time." It must be admitted, that on the subversion of the Jewish polity, the religion of Jesus signally triumphed beyond what it had done prior to that era. Then, indeed, Christ came; then was the "glory of his Father" displayed. But,

3. What is the end of the world? Our opponents allow that the above passages allude to the downfall of the Jewish power, and the more successful spread of Christ's gospel, yet they contend that in Matt. xxiv, 3, there are two questions proposed and answered, one of which refers to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the other to the destruction of this visible world and "the day of judgment." We call on them to prove the doctrine which they adduce from this 2nd question, "and of the end of the world;" and they refer us to the 29th and 30th verses, "immediately after the tribulation, &c."

Dr. Lightfoot, (who was not a Universalist,) comments upon this passage thus:—"The Jewish heaven shall perish, and the sun and moon of its glory and happiness, shall be darkened or brought to nothing. The sun is the religion of the church, the moon is the government of the state, and the stars, are the judges, and doctors of both." This opinion is corroborated by Isaiah xlii, 10, "For the stars of heaven, and the constellations thereof, shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine." This language was spoken by the prophet, not in allusion to the destruction of this world, but while he was foretelling the downfall of Babylon. In Ezekiel, xxxii, 7, 8, it is said, "And when I shall put thee out, I will cover the heaven, and make the stars thereof dark. I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light, &c." The meaning of this is fully explained in the 12th v. "By the swords of the mighty, will I cause thy multitude to fall, the terrible of the nations, all of them, and they shall spoil the pomp of Egypt, and all the multitude thereof, shall be destroyed." Now is it not a rational conclusion, that our Savior was speaking of the downfall of Jerusalem, when the prophets, with whose language he was familiar, used similar expressions to describe a similar event?

The Rev. R. Dickinson, a learned divine of New-England, has published a translation of the New Testament, in which he renders Matt. xxiv, 3, thus:—"What shall be the sign of thy coming, and the conclusion of this state." Dr. A. Clarke, renders it "the end of the age." By consulting the epistles, we shall find the national calamity of the Jews, and the spread of Christianity, spoken of in the same manner, i. e. the coming of Christ. Paul says, 1 Cor. i, 7, "So that ye come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Dr. C. remarks, "It is difficult to say whether the apostle means the final judgment, or our Lord's coming to destroy Jerusalem. As he does not explain himself particularly, he must refer to a subject with which they were well acquainted." It must be evident to the candid reader, that Paul's hearers could not have been "well acquainted" with the fact which the Dr. takes for granted, viz. "the final judgment," for Christ and Paul had said nothing about such a judgment. Paul must therefore have alluded to the overwhelming truth, that Jerusalem was soon to be "encompassed with armies, and trodden to the dust." James v, 8, "Be ye also patient, and establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." The Dr. thinks this a less "difficult" passage; for he says, "The apostle seems to allude to the coming of the Lord to execute judgment on the Jewish nation, which shortly afterwards took place." Perhaps the Dr. could not resist the force of the words, "draweth nigh;" yet we find this same great man passing over the words of Christ, "know that it is near, even at the doors," (Matt. xxiv, 3,) that he may give countenance to his favourite creed.

There is a passage in 2 Peter, iii, 10, which may be called the strong hold of our opposers. "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away," &c. Whitby, Lightfoot, and some other commentators, agree in the opinion that this refers to the destruction of Jerusalem. The language is highly figurative, but not any more so than that already quoted from the prophets. See Isaiah, xxxiv, 4, "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved," &c. Here you will perceive that nothing is said about the world's being burned up, or coming to an end. See, also, Joel, ii, 10, where similar language is used in allusion to the approaching invasion of Judea, by a foreign foe.

We contend that Peter, in speaking of the coming desolation of the Jews, used the prophetic style of the prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Haggai, &c. And while we revere the gospel as the truth of heaven, we can find no revelation therein, of the popular notion respecting the end of this earth, and Christ's personal coming to judgment. B. B. H.

ⓘ NOTICE.

An adjourned meeting of the SECOND UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, in N. York, worshipping in Orchard-St. will be held in the Lecture Room of the Church on MONDAY EVENING next, Dec. 16th, at 7 o'clock.

A punctual attendance of every individual feeling an interest in the Society, is specially desired, as considerations of importance in regard to a location of a House, will come before the meeting. Wm. DURELL, Chairman.

B. B. HALLOCK, Sect.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach at Saugatuck, Sunday, Dec. 15th, and in Weston the same evening.

Br. Henry Roberts, will preach at Sing-Sing, on Sunday Dec. 15th, (to-morrow;) at Ponds, (so called,) near Patterson, N. J. on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 18th, and 19th, inst.

Br. S. J. Hillyer, will preach in North Salem, Sunday Dec. 22d; at Longridge, Sunday the 29th, and at Stamford in the evening.

HOPE.

BY SAMUEL HOBART.

Blessed thou wayward Spirit! like
The sun thou comest in dew—
Offspring of Grief; yet airy one!
Thou hast thine exit too.

Away, away as light as speed
The silver feet of song,
Thou glidest from this wilderness—
But wilt thou leave us long?

Hope breathes soft whispers—O how oft,
When grief bedims the eye,
They linger in the heart, as strains
Of dying melody!

Soft as the sigh that friendship heaves,
When farewell hands are given,
And words are few, and looks are dim,
And trust is all Heaven!

THE AUTUMN OF THE SOUL.

The changes of the seasons have always afforded a theme for the musings of the poet and for the lectures of the moralist. We know not what to make of the man who can contemplate them without emotion—without instruction—the man who can stand and see the procession of the seasons with all their pageantry, move on; Spring with its light and joyous step, its music, its fragrance, its flowers; Summer with its all-pervading and glorious green, with its ample garniture and its waving fields; Autumn with its gorgeous skies, its golden crops, its dun and sombre scenery, the beauties of nature which it exhibits, rich and lovely in their decay, the Sabbath stillness of its fields and forests, and all its pensive inspiring influences: Winter with its mantle of white, and its rifled and cheerless forests and plains, with its skies of gloom, its storms of grandeur, and the hollow moan of its chilling blasts. The man, we say, who perceives all this—who is a spectator of all the changes that nature undergoes in the circle of the year, and who is yet sensible all the while of no change passing over his own spirit, who feels no impression made on his mind, but who carries through the year the same unvarying tone of feeling, neither elated, calmed, softened or solemnized by aught that he witnesses—the man who has no sympathy for nature, who is indifferent to all her vicissitudes, and in all her teachings, that man we do not envy. His life is an entire monotony. One sound, one sight, is all he hears, is all he sees. A garden and a heath, a dirge and a pan were alike to him.—He has no music in his soul.

At times this obtuseness of feeling, this unimpressibility of his sentiment nature may, and doubtless does, shield him from many a pang of sorrow, from many a deep wound of spirit, which the more sensitive must endure in this world, rough as it is, and so rife with calamities. But the same thing which shields from sorrow, prevents joy also. This obtuseness, this coat of mail which the spirit wears, shields us against the missiles of affliction, screens it from the peltings of the storm; but then it precludes also the approach of all pleasurable visitations. It shuts out the sun as well as the storm. It makes the mind joyless as well as sorrowless. Such persons cannot know either the summer of soul, or the autumn of soul. It is with them all alike. But the truth is, the number of such is very few. We know of but here and there one whose feelings are not in a greater or less degree in sympathy with the passing seasons. The chords of the spirit's harp give out their distinct and peculiar tones as they are successively touched by the hand of summer and winter, spring and autumn. This latter season especially is adapted to make deep and peculiar impressions.—These impressions are of a serious character. True, it is in some sense a season of rejoicing—the rich products of the field are gathered; plenty smiles over the land; the husbandman's

hopes are realized, his desire is accomplished.—Around the blazing and cheerful hearth are gathered the rejoicing circle, the family group, or, it may be the whole companionship of the neighborhood, both of youth and age. There, and around the festive board they enjoy with high relish, the inspiring bounties of a kind providence. But yet, during the seasons of such enjoyments not unfrequently a spell comes over the gayest spirit—an influence peculiar to Autumn, which holds in check the bounding and buoyant emotions of the heart, which tinges every object with melancholy, and which casts over the veriest brow of joyousness, the mantle, at least, of momentary sadness. Yes, where is the fireside circle or the festive throng, there even this influence will extend itself; but mostly is it felt when we are abroad, when the sky is over us, and the sober—the mournful scenery of autumn is around us. As we see everything fading, leaves falling or flying on the wind, or floating on the 'water's led,' as we see the glory which so lately charmed us departing—as all nature seems sad, and wrapt as it were in sober reflection, we catch the spirit of sympathy—sympathy with nature and sympathy with man, whose transient glory and whose certain fate the voice of nature now so solemnly teaches us.—But when we speak of the autumn of the soul, we do not mean by the phrase, this kind of feeling which is so peculiar to the season.—We mean more than this. We mean the season, whether it be in early life, or at its meridian, or in its decline; when all its foliage of hope and joy has been touched and withered by the hand of adversity, when wastes have been made among the growth of its affections which no time can repair, when the evidence passes sorrowfully athwart the mind that the friends on whom we relied were but summer friends, fickle and faithless, when the unkindly chills of distrust and calumny have passed over the spirit, when confidence has been so betrayed and reliance so cruelly mocked, that to the mind there is not left even the power of our confiding or relying again, where there is not a spot on the landscape of life but has been visited by the hand that withers, and where we can look forward with no prospect this side the grave but that of chilly days and sombre skies: then it is the AUTUMN OF THE SOUL. The spirit will through life wear a hue and breathe a tone of which the hues of autumn and the murmur of its winds are strongly emblematical.—*Lowell Evangelist.*

A SUMMER'S EVENING IN NEW-YORK. EXTRACT.

* * * * * It was nearly twelve o'clock as I drew near my residence. The crowd had deserted the street. Those who had walked for pleasure had long since retired to their homes. I encountered few, save those whom necessity or vice kept abroad, and perfect silence had begun to reign throughout the city. A low, discordant, broken laugh drew my attention to one of the fruit stands which garnish the corners of our streets; its only occupant was an old and decrepit woman. Her garb bespoke the extremity of poverty, and her general appearance was that of utter, hopeless wretchedness. She was sitting on a box beside a board, which was covered with decayed fruit of various kinds: a few hard, dry cakes, and a thin, dirty looking pie.—As on hearing the laugh, I turned towards her, I observed her toss her arms wildly about in the air, and rise from her seat; an old, ragged shawl had dropped from one shoulder—her shapeless, weatherbeaten bonnet had fallen back from her head, and her long matted locks of gray hung down along her withered cheeks.

As I looked on her thus—her rags fluttering in the night-wind, and her eyes gleaming with a strange excitement—I for a moment supposed that she was a maniac; and it was not until I

observed a little brown cur-dog make several ineffectual leaps to reach her extended arm, and again, as often as he failed, heard her horrible attempts at laughter, that I understood what she was about. There was yet joy on earth, even for this poor old withered creature. She had one friend, one companion, whom even years, and wrinkles, and want could not estrange; to whom it mattered not whether his mistress's brow was smooth or furrowed, or whether her bed was of straw or down, and to whom, in every situation and under all vicissitudes, she was the same. With him she was beguiling the hours until the close of the theatres, from the frequenters of which she hoped to glean a few more pennies, ere she sought her wretched dormitory. She held a piece of bread in her hand, just beyond the reach of the dog, whose ineffectual attempts to reach it seemed to afford her the greatest delight; and at length, when, after an extraordinary effort, he succeeded in getting possession of it, and, as he greedily devoured it, placed his fore-feet on her lap, and wagging his tail, looked up gratefully in her face, the forlorn old creature bent over and caressed him.

God does indeed "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," I mentally exclaimed, as I contemplated this scene. Wisely and beautifully, in the construction of the mind, has he formed it to rise and sink with the situation and circumstances of the possessor. It adapts itself to every change in life, and in every variation it is occupied with objects appropriate to its condition. The captive prince takes as deep an interest in the movement of the spider that weaves his web on the walls of his cell, as the beggar newly enthroned, in the movements of his army. There is a deep spring of joy in the human breast, whose waters, while life remain, never cease to flow. It is this that renders existence tolerable and even precious to the bereaved and desolate wayfarer, as he treads his downward path to the grave. When all is dark around, and want and wretchedness stare him in the face; when in the past "all is barren," and in the future there is no ray to light the wander on his pilgrimage, there is still a spirit within him teaching him to gather the few flowers that yet remain within his reach, though they be of fading beauty and dying fragrance.—*New-York Mirror.*

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